THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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Poetical.

Smiles and Tears.

The smiles that light some kindred face,
To cheer us when by sorrow bowed,
Are like the glory beams that chase
The darkness from the summer cloud.
Dear, radiant gleamings of the soul,
The sunshine of affection's sky—
They lift the heart from grief's control
And wipe the tears from sorrow's eye.

The tear-drops on some kindred cheek,
When joy is mingled with despair,
On spirit's gloom can lift and break
And leave joy's light unclouded there;
Can lift and thrill the trembling heart,
And soothe us in life's saddest hours,
And sparkle on the soul as clear
As dews that sleep on fainting flowers.

Love's holy smile and Pity's tear,
Like angel foot-prints from the skies,
They lift us o'er the mortal sphere
And give us gleams of Paradise!
O Smiles and Tears, by these alone,
Had we no higher rapture given,
The heart might hope for glory's zone—
The soul might wing its way to heaven.

Miscellaneous.

Kindness Never Lost.

"I was escorting home the lovely Charlotte D———, to whom I was, at the time, quite devoted; we got into one of the crowded Avenue cars. Charlotte could scarcely find room to spread her crinoline and arrange her voluminous flounces; I stood up near her, there being no vacant seat.

After a few minutes came in a poor woman who disposed a basket of clothes on the platform, and held in her arms a small child, while a little girl hung to her dress. She looked tired and weary, but there was no vacant seat—to be sure Charlotte might have condensed her flounces, but she did not.

Beside her, however, sat a very elegant and lovely woman, who seemed trying by moving down closer to others, to make room between herself and Miss D———. At last she succeeded, and with the sweetest blush I ever saw, she invited the poor burdened female to be seated. Charlotte D———, drew her drapery around her, and blushed too, but it was not a pretty blush at all, she looked annoyed at the proximity of the new comer, who was, however, clean and decently, though thinly clad.

The unknown lady drew the little girl upon her lap, and wrapped the velvet mantle around the small, half-frozen little blue hands.

So great was the crowd that I alone seemed to observe. The child shivered—the keen wind from the door blew upon her unprotected neck. I saw the young lady quietly take off her shawl, which she softly put on the shoulders of the little one, the the mother looking on with confused wonder. After a short time she rose to leave the car, and would have removed the shawl, but the unknown gently whispered, "No; keep it on, keep it for her." The woman did not answer, the conductor hurried her out, but her eyes swam in tears, which no one saw but me. I noticed her as she descended to a basement and I hastily marked the house.

To shorten the story as much as possible that lady is now my wife. In the small incident which introduced her to me, she showed her real character. A few days after our marriage I showed her the blessed crimson shawl, which I had redeemed from its owner, and shall always keep as a memento. There are sometimes pleasant things to be found in unpleasant places—certainly I may be said to have picked out my wife in the cars."

The Planet Vulcan.

The new planet, accepted as an accomplished fact, is now fairly enrolled among the stellar divinities by the name of Vulcan, and will some day have its column in catalogues of observations, and appear in the *Nautical Almanac*. That Vulcan has been seen from time to time by sundry observers within the past hundred years, is now confirmed by further testimony; but the merit of the discovery remains with M. Lescarbault, who, with rare modesty, has declined to attend the banquet which the savans of Paris designed to hold in his honor. The present is said to afford favorable opportunity for renewed observation of the planet; and with so many eager eyes as are on the watch, it will hardly be permitted to escape. Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer royal for Scotland, sees in the discovery of Vulcan a confirmation of the theory that a large number of meteors revolve pretty near to sun, and by falling in upon that luminary maintain its light and heat. We called attention to this theory a few years ago, on its first publication; and recently to the extraordinary spot of brightness observed in the sun by Mr. Carrington in September last. Professor Smyth considers that in this latter phenomenon we have an actual observation of the falling in of a meteor, the unusual brightness being occasioned by the concussion. The tremendous shock may be inferred from the calculated velocity of the falling body—7,000 miles in a minute.

☞"Ma, I'm going to make soft soap for the Fair, this fall," said a beautiful miss of seventeen, to her mother, the other day.—"What put that queer notion into your head, Sally?" "Why, ma, the premium is just what I've been wanting." "Pray, what is that?" "A New Jersey farmer, and I hope he will be a good-looking one."

The Child Angel.

The Nelson Hotel was the largest and most fashionable house of resort in a town on the sea shore, a popular watering place, famous in the annals of the wealthy. It stood not far from the brink of the sounding sea, and commanded a prospect of surpassing beauty. All day long the white winged ships laid against the blue sky, and the favoring breezes wafted them in and out of the harbor, sending some to "home, sweet home," and bearing others toward the scented isles of the tropics, where the palms glisten in an almost perpetual sunshine, and the fields are rosy with southern flowers. In the summer time, the Nelson House was always thronged.

Among the very select few who came for the purpose of invigorating and improving health, were a young couple by the name of Hayden. Harriet, the wife, was a most interesting woman, not yet thirty, with a quiet, gentle manner, and a voice whose every tone was music. She was a New England woman, of Puritan extraction, and a sweet, practical Christian. John Hayden was fully as prepossessing as his wife. But the sweetest creature in this beautiful group, was Antoinette Hayden, a child of three years, and one of the loveliest creations that painter ever transferred to canvas. It was not the glowing cheek so round and crimson, not the full, blue eye, nor the rich, long curls of a golden color, nor yet the perfect figure and ivory whiteness of the brow, that constituted the beauty of this earth angel. There was a nameless something that looked out from those eyes, that spread a heavenly beauty over the transparent features, that spoke in every musical tone of her sweet voice, that moved in every graceful motion—and which led even strangers to say, "What a heavenly child!"

She was not robed in flounces or laces, or ribbons. Her little limbs were unfettered by fashion, and had the freest play; her ways were all natural, her walk and talk and play were all a little child's walk and talk and play should be, and very soon the thoughtless ones learned to look upon Nettie with a sort of awe, as if she checked their worldliness.

Loose Ben was an uncouth caricature of a human being, of some sixteen years of age, slouching in his dress, dirty, sometimes ragged, bearing all the gibes put upon him with sullen mien and stoical silence. Loose Ben shuffled, looked suspiciously at everybody from under his eyebrows—shrank from every human voice, never seemed to care whether they called him fool or knave, and only cared to gather his loose limbs together in some sunny place after his services were over for the day, and think—what could the poor outcast think? He was a German, and possibly never knew his parentage; he would not say whether he had father and mother. It was his duty to make fires in the rooms of those who were invalids, in the early morning, and for this purpose the father of little Antoinette employed him, though it was summer time, yet the chill air of the sea made the early morning raw and cold.

So with an arm full of wood, Loose Ben wended his way to number 56, a large room on the second story. As he entered Mr. Hayden glanced up from his dressing table, and followed his lazy motions with his eye for a full moment. Little Antoinette sat on the floor by the bedside, half covered with the lace curtains that fell like spray over her spiritual face and figure. She, too, looked on earnestly, suspending her play for a moment, and then, as his labor progressed, she stood up, and with her half inspired look, moved towards him, till she stood by his side. He gazed towards her, seemed paralyzed into greater stupidity at her sweet smile. She did not mock him, scream out, or spring from him as the other children did, nor call him unfeeling names, but as she stood there with a saintly light on her brow, she laid her white dimpled hand on his ragged sleeve, and with winning voice asked, *"does you love God?"*

He was too much startled for the moment to speak, but the great shining eyes still beamed into his lack lustre orbs, and again that voice of surpassing beauty asked, "does you love God?"

He looked up, he looked down awkwardly, and in his broad Dutch dialect said half sheepishly, *"ya-as."*

"Does you pray to God in the morning?" persisted the little one, still keeping her hand upon him, and he in the same voice answered *"ya-as."*

Then the little one seemed satisfied; she donced and capered about—chatted with this coarse, boorish boy—watched the flame as it ascended, and built, all unconsciously, a fire of love and gratitude on the altar of that uncultivated heart.

The season went on, and Nettie's mother improved in health. The thin figure rounded out, the pale cheeks grew flushed, and she took long walks and drives along the quiet beach. Often on moonlight evenings when the great waters, waveless as an Island river, borrowed hues of silver and made a path for the beams of the night, when the dancers, flushed with a show of happiness, moved through the ball-room, John Hayden and his wife sat on some rocky ledge above the smooth level of the sand, and communed with God and their own hearts. The music borne faintly from the revel, sounding on the still air—the great hotel like some stone monster full of eyes, threw twinkling lights upon the water, and groups here and there dotted the beach. Antoinette was sleeping. Many a child moved with a feverish mind amid the throng of dancers, taking upon themselves the airs of matured age; but little Nettie with one hand under her bright cheek, lay softly dreaming, happy as an angel on her little couch.

Every morning when Loose Ben came up to build the fire, that dear little voice would say, "does you love God?" and when he had answered with his stereotyped "ya-as," she would add in precisely the same words as before, "does you pray to God in the morning?" and again with that stupid, wandering look, he would say, "ya-as." But there was a change in this semi-barbarian. Gradually the rough, heavy locks, were trained to fall back from his low but full face; his wood-colored face grew clean, and his great hands evinced some marks of attention. By some mysterious process his clothes were mended, and little by little, Loose Ben seemed to emerge from his loutish shell into a region of more thought and freer scope. The hotel loungers still jeered him, still called him all kinds of strange and original names, but he did not mind them, and had one seen him going up to his daily duty to room 56, a smile might have been detected lighting up his homely face, till it was almost handsome. And as he entered day after day, came the same questions about love and prayer.

One Sabbath morning, never to-be-forgotten day, (for I am telling no story of fiction, dear reader,) the rap came as usual to room 56, and when the door was opened in walked Loose Ben, worthy of the name no longer. He brought the wood, not in his usual way but in a basket, and wonder of wonders! he was attired in a neat grey suit, from head to foot, and under his left arm he carried a straw hat, bound with a black ribbon.—Leisurely he went to the hearth-stone and leisurely set the kindling and the wood in their place. Then he turned round to look for Antoinette. A little voice came from under the curtains, "Benny, does you love God? Does you pray in the morning?"

The boy drew his hands before his eyes, and as Nettie made herself visible, he went towards her and fell on his knees at her feet.

"You dear little angel," he sobbed, taking her hand and covering it with kisses. "Every morning you ask me that, and every morning I lie to you. Yes, I *lie* to you, for I no love God as you say. Then you ask me if I pray every morning, and I lie to you again, and keep lying to you, because I didn't know no better, because I poor, ignorant Dutch boy. But this morning, you dear little angel, I tell you I *love* God. I tell you I pray to God, yes, I love, I pray," he added, the tears running down his coarse checks, while Mr. and Mrs. Hayden stood looking on full of astonishment. "You made me go to God, you little angel you; you make me pray to God, and I tell you no lie any longer. O! when you did ask me first, I knew not what to make of it, and I think it no harm to say *yaas*. But when you ask again, and keep asking, I keep thinking what you mean. It seem to me my heart was very wicked, and I come to tremble as I laid my hand on the latch of the door, for I knew what you would ask me, you sweet little angel you. And now I have found God, I come to thank you on my knees that you did ask me—oh! yes, blessed be God!"

Tears choked his utterance: Antoinette scarcely knowing what it all meant, stood looking gravely towards him, a childish wonder in her face, until John Hayden snatched her from the floor and folded her with many kisses to his bosom.

The scene changes to a handsome dwelling in the city. Snow lays on all the streets, white and glittering—the naked trees, the gray caps of the houses, the iron railings, all are robed in the shroud of the autumn days. Ah! some cold wind, some snow has entered that house; the white drapery of the windows is unlifted; children go in and come out again with sorrowful faces; the passing traveler looks mournfully up as he wanders by; there must be gloom in that house; yes, the white snow of death lays upon the forehead of an only child.

She is in her coffin now, with roses above her pale bosom, and the little silver plate says, "Antoinette Hayden, aged seven."—What! Is her mission done so soon?—Does the angel bathe her wings in the light of heaven. Even so.

In a darkened chamber sat the mother of this lovely flower, bearing her grief alone with God. No sigh broke from her bosom, no tear fell from her eye; she looked calm, she was calm, but resigned as she evidently was, the stern immobility of her features told that grief, deeper than could find any outlet, lay heavy at her heart.

Rising up after her long vigil, she went noiselessly down stairs towards the room where her child slept the last, long sleep.—As she was entering, a voice struck her ear, as if some long remembered music had but now sounded; the chord vibrated against her heart. She paused; a voice asked for Antoinette—little Antoinette Hayden, and another voice mournfully murmured the sad truth.

"Dead!" exclaimed the stranger, "little angel! *dead!*"

An then came feet along the passage—and a tall, dark man stood before her.

"You do not know me, Mrs. Hayden," he said, as after a moment, striving to possess his self-command, he spoke.

"I do not, indeed," replied the bereaved mother, in low tones.

"Ah! my dear madam, I am he whom your child's artless questions, morning after morning, pierced to the heart; I am poor Loose Ben—now, thank God, a preacher of righteousness. Day and night have the lovely features of that angel babe been before my vision. Every morning the clear, sweet tones have sounded on my ear—'does you love God?' and oh! I have come home to find her in heaven." He bowed his head and wept, then softly followed the mourning mother into the shaded parlor. Death had not kissed even the freshness from the lips of the sweet child. Death, as if he had no power to mar such loveliness, had not drawn one blue tint across the marble temples or under the closed eyes. Death had not stolen one line of beauty from that heavenly face—it smiled in spite of death.

"O! Antoinette—dear little Antoinette," sobbed the strong man—"you found me in my ignorance, and blessed me with those hands; they were the first pure fingers that touched me with the touch of love, and made my buried heart throb with new life. O! little Antoinette, you were the first one to lead me to my Saviour—on your infant breath my name was carried up to Christ. O! my lamb, canst thou not look down upon me, and see me bend above thee, blessing even thy inanimate clay? But the tomb cannot hold thee, infant disciple. Already she is up there!" he cried, lifting his streaming eyes. "The brightness of thy glory, oh! Lord God of hosts, falls upon her temples. She hath led souls to Thee, mighty Redeemer, and Thou wilt give her a crown of life."

He ceased and bowed his head upon the coffin. What oration before crowned monarchs ever reached the sublimity of this man's offering over the dead form of a child! He had been converted through her ministrations, and since his entrance into the gospel ministry he counted those who believed in Jesus through faith and his ministry, by hundreds; and he laid his trophies in the name of Jesus, beside the gentle child who had taught him Christ.

Reader, I have not written fiction. The dust of that child has slept in the green grave-yard where the flowers are springing to-day, twenty three years. Twenty-three years she has been a seraph in glory.—Twenty-three years she has looked upon Jesus her Saviour and Redeemer. O! what do you and I see beside this beautiful seraph? Though we drink of the fountains of earthly wisdom, we cannot attain to a tithe of that divine knowledge that fills her cup of bliss this day. Twenty-three years in the presence of the Lord of life, going up and down the steps of light—walking and talking with angels—pure, consecrate, holy!

And may not you and I win some stars to our crowns of eternal rejoicings?

General Jackson's Wife.

Many of our public men have been blessed with wives and mothers who were the ornaments of their sex, and their quiet and ennobling influence contributed largely to the subsequent greatness of their children and husbands. Mr Parton tells the following story of General Jackson's wife:

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency, in 1823, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject of reprobation, but they defamed the character of his his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was laid upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eye fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he read it he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoodie.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."—Mrs. Jackson watched him, and, though she heard not a word, she thought she saw *mischief in his eyes*. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before his horse and cried out:

"O, General! don't go to Nashville.—Let that poor editor live—let that poor editor live!" He replied: "How came you to know what I am going for?" She answered: "I saw it all in his paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back." He replied furiously: "But I will go—get out of my way!" Instead of doing this, she grasped his bridle with both hands. He cried to her, "I say, let go my horse; I'll have his heart's blood; the villain that reviles my wife shall not live."

She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one that ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive, if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed molified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying, "No, General, you shall not take the life even of my reviler; you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

The iron-nerved hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied: "I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

☞Baron Staatsburg, who has imported a Cashmere goat, intending to raise his own cotton to make camel's-hair shawls with, wishes to know if there is any difference between Southdown mutton and mutton down south.

Death of Lady Byron.

We learn by the Glasgow that on the 17th instant, Lady Byron, the widow of the great poet, died at London, in the sixty sixth year of her age. She was born in 1794, and was the only daughter and heir of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Baronet. In 1856 she succeeded to the barony of Wentworth. She was married to Lord Byron in 1815—the union proving, as is well known, most unhappy to both husband and wife, and he lived with his wife only some thirteen days. Their only child,

Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart,"

was married to Earl Lovelace, and died eight years ago.

The marriage of Byron with Miss Milbanke was one prompted by motives of interest.

Lord Byron, in one of his letters, gives the following description of Lady Byron, during the time of their engagement: "What an odd situation and friendship is ours! Without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general, lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—speeress that is to be in her own right—an only child, and a *savante* who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, and withal, very kind, generous and gentle, and with very little pretension."

Even at his wedding, the thoughts of his first love—of Mary Chaworth of Annesly Hall, whom he so poetically termed his "Bright Morning Star of Annesly," was present to his imagination. Annesly Hall and all its fond associations floated like a vision before his thoughts, even when at the altar, and on the point of pronouncing his nuptial vows. A marriage contracted under such circumstances could not but be unhappy. The poet has alluded to it in some of his most impassioned strains of regret. Washington Irving says that in one of his manuscripts, written long after his marriage, having accidentally mentioned Miss Chaworth as my "M. A. C." "alas!" exclaims he, with a sudden burst of feeling, "why do I say *my*? Our union would have healed feuds, in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands, broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years, and—and—and—what has been the result?"

It is unfortunate for the late Lady Byron that only by her union with Byron and its unhappy results, is she known to the world at large. Her private life has been ruthlessly invaded, and all her domestic troubles exposed to the gaze of the world. It should be remembered that Byron treated her in a manner calculated to alienate the affections of any woman, and that it was the public odium following his treatment of her, which induced him to leave England and live in Italy.

Lady Byron took an active interest in philanthropic and benevolent movements, and in 1856 she sent a gift of three hundred and fifty dollars to the New England Kansas Emigration Society. We can scarcely recall a lady of the present century whose name has been so often brought before the public, and in such a singular way, by her relations with others, rather than by any desire or effort on her part to obtain publicity.

The "Dignity of bein' Niggers."

A slave's speech on the relative standing of the races, and the superiority of slavery to freedom, is reported by the Petersburg (Virginia) *Express*, of a late date, in this wise:

In front of the Central Warehouse a philosophical darkey, leaning lazily against one of the wheels of a dray, thus delivered himself to a brother Jehu, who was disposing of himself similarly: "All niggers ought to feel the dignity of bein' niggers, 'cept free niggers what dunno what dignity am. Dis minute I'm wuff about fifteen hundred dollars," and he gave a demonstrative gesture with his left forefinger, "and a heap o' white folks can't say dat for deyselves. Now, dar," and he pointed to a gentlemanly vagrant, "is a white man; he couldn't turn himself into money to save his life. Mor'n dat, he ain't wuff nuffin; he dunno nuffin, and he won't do nuffin. I feels de dignity of de fack, and dat's what makes me say what I do say."

☞Landlady (deferentially)—Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much suprise among the fish when it was first launched?

Mr. Smith (curtly)—I can't say that it did madam.

Landlady—Oh! I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you, that you might acquire some information on that point.

Mr. Smith (maliciously)—Very likely, madam—very likely; but it's my opinion, madam, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented.

☞A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse, and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find *I have fallen off*."

☞How many a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes and destroys forever a thousand flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden all his pathway.

"T. F."

Sometimes the reader of newspapers will notice bringing up the rear of an advertisement the letters "tf." Probably they never trouble him much; he might have regarded them as a sort of cabalistic literature peculiar to the press, and certainly not a fit theme for song or sermon.

However this may be, the pair of letters has a significance beyond the range of types, and on into the shadows, and out into the sunshine of that mosaic work we call life.

To the uninitiated it is only "tf;" to the printer's eye it expands into "till forbid," a reminder that the advertisement it waits on is to be continued from day to day, from week to week, until ordered out by him who ordered its publication.

The story of how many springs that have brought the blue bird and the violet, has been told in that "tf." Wrought in the green tracery of leaves that rise and fall on the bosom of the air, painted on clouds at anchor in the summer sea, carved on the stone threshholds of ever going floods, silvered on the moon's medallion, graved on the round ruby of the morning sun, in the scroll of storm it is woven, on the breath of song it is embroidered, and "tf"—"till forbid"—is the story of the world.

"Tf" is written alike on the drop of dew—that satellite of sod—and on the great world that dances in the breath and brightens in the smile of God.

"Tf" rounds the summer of human hopes; it is delicately traced on beauty's brow; you will find it in the rose's blushing bud; you may see it in the shining star.

"Tf" is wrought in the helmets of the sweeping Tamerlanes of all times, and the silver thread of the small voiced brook will not be broken without it.

Nature has no stereotypes; all her advertisements are published with "tf," and the types that express loveliness are silently "distributed," and the graves are filled with the eloquence of yesterday.

And even there, enameled in the little billows of turf that break up earth's green-sward, like a sea, there is a "till forbid," and so the silent swell of the sod subsides where graves have been, and back to the air, and up to the clouds, and away in gladness, goes the dust to be fashioned into new expressions of truth and beauty.

"Tf" is woven into the scarlet robe of Power. Conquest's glowing wheels are locked with a "tf," and the weariest bonds that ever bound humanity bear those letters stamped on every link.

The young mother bending with looks of love ever the fairest "copy" her eyes have ever seen, forgets that in that little face, hid in the dimple of a cheek, or shaded by a tress of golden hair, two words are traced in life's blue autograph that ere long obeyed may leave her gazing up to full heaven and sighing that some breath of air has wafted away, for ever and ever, the sweetest "copy" in all the world.

But the singer of the little song that goes into all lands wherever it is spring, reads, ino "tf" upon its pinion. He knows that it will carol on to other times, and win a welcome; that it will be sung when he is dead; that the olive leaf it bears will never wither; that by and by a window will open in heaven, and a hand will be put forth, and singing still, that tuneful bird of his will be touched with the "white radiance" of immortal morning.

And the thinker who entrusts his living thought to time, his thought instinct with beauty, feels that no "tf" will prove "the end of all" its mission; that leaving the red threshhold of his heart, it begins an independent being, and will stand sublimely there, in the broken columns of the "proof" of time.

This is not to die; this is the true transmigration of soul; clinging to no frail tenure of "till forbid," its types shall never fall to dust; not a syllable of all its utterance be lost.

There is a dignity in such a work; to bridge the narrow breadth of graves—to keep repaired the crumbling ashes of time. This has no emblem in the drop of rain that builds the bow upon the cloud, and glitters down the changeful ray that gilds a stormy world.

This is to pass like some armed warrior, unchallenged down the ages as they stand and hear his foot unfaltering, press the threshhold of to-morrow. Upon its gates on golden hinges turning, no "till forbid" was ever traced, and to all truth and earnest thought, bright hands are beckoning, and the line moves on.—*B. F. Taylor.*

☞One day a loving husband took his wife's best pitcher to draw cider. As he was going down the steps he slipped, and in order to save the crockery, he injured himself considerably. While he was rubbing his shin very vigorously, his wife, thoughtless of his hurt, cried out, "Oh, mercy! have you broken that pitcher?" "No," said he, in great wrath, "but I'll be darned if I don't!" and ging-a-ling went the pitcher against the wall.

☞Waste not, want not.—A gentleman who had put aside two bottles of capital ale to recreate some friends, discovered, just before dinner, that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. "Scoundrel!" said his master. "What do you mean by this?" "Why, sir, I saw plain enough, by the clouds that it were going to thunder, so I drank up the ale at once, lest it should turn sour, for there's nothing I do abominate like waste."

A Curious Prayer.

A correspondent of the Western Christian *Advocate* sends that paper the following:

A reverend gentleman, direct from the interior of Texas, staid at my house a few days, at the time Millerism was at its zenith in Cincinnati. He related to me a rumor which he had heard in Texas of a man he met in our streets, as a Millerite preacher. In Texas, this man professed to be a Campbellite preacher, and as such got permission to preach in a school-house, and took occasion to abuse all other denominations in general, and the Methodists in particular. He said there were men who professed to be called and commissioned of God to preach the Gospel but that he—the preacher—pretended to no such high credentials. After preaching immersion, and abusing all who would not say amen to his views, being about to close, a wag whispered to him if he wished some one to close for him, to call on Mr. H. He did so. Mr. H. took the stand, and gave out a hymn, which was sung and then prayed in this wise.

"Lord, we thank thee that thou hast ever sent thy ministers among us; we were a very wicked people before they came; some of us, however, have reformed. We thank thee that we believe thou has called, commissioned, and sent thy ministers to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ; but as for this fellow, he has told us thou didst not commission him, and we believe him. We hear strange stories of him. Lord we know not whether they be true or not; thou knowest but we hear he went to Galveston a gambler; that afterwards he became a preacher; that the young men who knew him in these two characters thought them rather incompatible, and in consequence, ducked him in the bay, from which, we doubt not, he dates his commission to preach the doctrine he has proclaimed to us. We hear also, that he stole a horse at Galveston; we know not whether it be true, Lord—thou knowest; but one thing we do know, that is, we know he stops here with the widow C———, and we know that no decent man would stop there."

By this time the preacher was making his escape, without even dismissing the congregation, and soon after was holding forth in the big tent of Millerism, at Cincinnati.

Retained for the Snake.

The San Andreas *Independent* tells the following anecdote of Col. James, a San Francisco lawyer, who, during the late campaign, put up for the night at a hotel in one of the northern counties. The Colonel "went in" to a little game of poker, (now we're certain,) and "went through," and soon crept off to bed. Soon after, a brawny specimen of Pike, dressed in "jeans" and wolfskin cap, arrived in search of legal advice. He was taken immediately to the Colonel's room, when, after wolfskin had shaken the legal gentleman into consciousness, the following conversation occurred:

"Are you 'Squire J——?"

"Yes; what do you want, old boy?"

"Well, 'Squire, I reckon I shall hev ter git a feller o' your sort fur tur plead a lawsuit."

"What's it about, my good man?"

"'Bout a hoss."

Here the Colonel was all attention, and courtesy. He raised himself on his elbows, and put his ear close to his client's lips.—Here, he at once concluded, was a chance to get even on the night's losses at poker—a $300, perhaps a $600 horse in dispute—and bright visions of a $100 fee flitted rapidly across his mind.

"State all the circumstances, if you please, my kind friend."

"Wall," said old wolf-skin, "yer see as I borry'd this 'ere hoss uv a feller named Fipkins, what keeps a chicken ranch on Poverty Side, (the Colonel drew his head in six inches) an' arter I d rid the sway-backed, moon-eyed old critter till night, (here down went the elbows,) I kerried the wind sucker outen the yard, (Colonel's head struck the pillow,) and staked his spavined bones on a hill among the tall grass, to give his hide-bound carcass a chance for good provender." (The Colonel waved his hand impatiently, but the old wolf went on.) "Wall, a rattlesnake bit him on the glandered snout, and now the tarnal critter's got the big head, and old Fipkins wants me to pay damages. You've hearn the case, 'Squire."

"What's the damages?" roared the Colonel.

"F-i-v-e dollars!"

His head suddenly popped under the cover, and the now raving Colonel shouted, "Take yourself out of this—*I'm retained for the snake!*"

☞A good anecdote is told of a man named Bently, a confirmed drunkard, who would never drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked with an air of triumph:

"Ah, Bently, we have caught you at last? You never drink, ha?"

No one would suppose but that Bently would have acknowledged the corn; not he; with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said: "Gentlemen, my name is not Bently!"

☞Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used, when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.